"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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LAURENCE GIFFORD'S MISTAKE.

"REMEMBER, Laurence, my dear boy, whatever you do, not to bring home a frivolous creature, a flirt, and a trifler as your wife."

"But, my dear mother, I can assure you I have no intentions of bringing home any wife."

"Well I don't know—I think it is time you had a good wife" (this was said with something like a sigh); "but, oh Laurence, don't let it be one of the frivolous, flirting creatures one sees almost everywhere now. Let her be somebody with a pure, steadfast nature—one in whom you could trust, and whom I could lean on as a daughter."

Laurence Gifford was a handsome young man, of good intellect, and some culture. In certain ways he would have been called slow and old-fashioned; for he was of a steady, domestic turn, and he had a profound veneration for his mother. Mrs. Gifford was a woman of pure and serene nature, to whom principle and goodness were every thing; but who was, perhaps, a little too prone to act in obedience to precept in her own life, and to inculcate the same course as the duty of others. Moreover, she was rather too much in the habit of judging other people by her own standard. Now, nobody ever can justly judge of others who has not something of what I may perhaps call the dramatic instinct, which enables one for the moment to put one's self in the place, feel the feelings, and understand the purposes of another. The moral of this little story—if it can pretend to any—is, that good intention and high principle are not always enough in this world, and that for lack of a little of that the best people may sometimes go wrong, and sadly mislead others.

Laurence Gifford might be called a young man of fortune. His father had left property enough, accumulated in trade, to relieve the son from any need of working for a living.

Now he was going to make a little tour, and his mother, knowing that he was likely to meet many pretty and accomplished girls, thought it right to give him a word of warning before he left. Indeed, it was a warning she had many times already laboured to impress upon him. One might have thought it superfluous, for Laurence had a nature grave, deep, and tender; and he had a strong natural aversion to frivolous and flirting women.

You might not have thought this, perhaps, if you had seen him during his stay at the country seat of one of his friends, where he met, for the first time, Jennie Millicent. Miss Millicent was one of the prettiest, brightest, most animated, and brilliant girls any society could boast of. Chance first, and then perhaps mutual intention, threw Laurence Gifford and Jenny Millicent together a good deal at the house of their common friends. They found that they had many tastes in common. Jennie was a quick, eager reader, with a subtile, rapid appreciation, and a judgment more true than her vivacious, brilliant manner would lead one to expect; and Laurence found himself, for the first time in his life, intellectually interested in the society of a woman.

They met at many other places during that season, and Laurence was for the first time in his life unhappy. Fierce, new fires were lighting up in his heart. Strange doubts and pains racked him. For he said to himself, sadly and bitterly, "Jennie Millicent is a flirt. She has no heart, no steadfastness. She is fascinating me, and she knows it; she was determined to fascinate me, and she cares nothing about me. I am just another little triumph to her, and nothing more."

To add to his perplexities and pains he began to meet, in the same circles of society, a girl whose mother had been one of his mother's oldest friends; and to whom, therefore, he ought to have paid special attention, and would have paid it but for the distracting influence of bright Jennie Millicent. Caroline Horton was a noble-looking girl, with a serene face, and dark brown hair smoothingly reposing on a white broad forehead. Her calm eyes sometimes rested on Laurence, with an expression that seemed to him to speak of sweet sisterly sympathy and even compassion. He thought that she saw and understood his condition, and pitied him.

"She pities me," he said to himself, "for she believes that I am entangled by a brilliant and heartless flirt, and he drew nearer to Caroline Horton, and tried to maintain his independence and self-control, and to keep aloof from the perilous fascinations of Jennie Millicent. There was something soothing and consoling in the society of Miss Horton. She always welcomed him with the same sweet, serene smile; she always looked sympathy, if she did not actually put it into words. Poor Laurence felt that there must be some influence about her which he could not clearly define or characterise, for after leaving her side he could hardly remember what they had been talking of, and yet he seemed to know that a congenial nature had given its sympathy and strength to him.

One morning, about this time, Laurence received a letter from his mother which vexed him, for it wound up with the words, "Beware! my dear son. I have heard something about a triumphant flirt who claims to have captured you. I know I can trust your heart and head; but still, my son, be careful, and be true to yourself." Laurence felt ashamed.

"I have made a fool of myself," Laurence murmured, "and every one laughs at me!" It was morning, and he was walking alone in one of the shrubberies of a country house as he read his mother's letter. Suddenly he started and flushed, for Jennie Millicent was there before him. As he turned the corner of a winding walk he saw her. She was alone, and at first she did not see him. She held up a paper in her hand, and her eyes were fixed on it. In her walk, her attitude, the bend of her neck and head, there was something which spoke of a profound and genuine sadness. It was but for a moment that Laurence could thus observe her, for his tread announced him, and she looked up, and their eyes met. She blushed a deep crimson, and seemed quite agitated, and she hastily crumpled in her hand the paper she had been reading.

"She was reading a love-letter," Laurence said to himself. "Thank heaven, I never wrote her a love-letter!"

Then they talked for a while, and, for some reason which Laurence could not explain, even to himself, they talked very gravely and almost sadly. All the manner of the coquette was laid aside, and Jennie spoke to him in the frank and sympathetic tone of a sincere friend. There was something in her manner at once tender and calm which he had never observed before, and which he could not understand. It seemed to say, "Let there be henceforth only the clear truth between us. Let us not mistake each other. I am your friend; and only that. Be you my friend."

Laurence's soul was drawn towards her. "Have I not, after all, misunderstood this girl?" he began to ask himself.

As they walked along the thorns of a rose-bush caught Jennie's dress. She put out her hand to release herself, and the paper she had been holding fell to the ground. Laurence stooped to pick it up, and saw, not without some confusion, that it was in his own writing.

"It is the copy you made for me of that beautiful little poem of Victor Hugo's," she said, quietly. "I so like the poem that I have always kept it."

Then Laurence remembered that weeks and weeks before he had spoken to Jennie of a little poem of Victor Hugo's, and had copied it for her. It was that tender, half-melancholy poem which contains such verses as

> "Puisque ici toute chose
> Donne toujours
> Son epine, ou sa rose
> A ses amours."

There was a moment's silence. Then Laurence said:

"We are all scattering soon. Are we never all to meet again?"

"All are not likely to meet again, I suppose," she replied. "But some of us are pledged to meet soon again—is it not

so? May I not congratulate you, Mr. Gifford?"

"Congratulate *me*, Miss Millicent? Good Heavens! for what?"

She looked into his face with unfeigned wonder. "Am I premature and rash?" she said, with a half smile. "Pray forgive me."

"But, Miss Millicent, pray tell me what you mean. I do beg of you—oh, confound it!"

* * * * * *

Laurence was married soon after, and at last accepted the truth, which he had striven as long as he could to shut out from his heart and mind. There was nothing in his wife. He had married a shapely figure, and a calm, handsome face, without mind or soul attached. Caroline Gifford had neither brains nor sympathies. The quiet, sweet smile that always lay outside her face represented no more of glow within than a sunbeam on a stone. This, then, was his fate!

He brought home his wife to his mother, who was at first delighted with her. He smiled rather grimly and said nothing. Before a week he saw that his mother had found out poor Caroline, and knew that her son was tied for life to a brainless, vapid, soulless woman. No word of what she knew was breathed to Laurence by his mother; but he could see an ever-present look of pity, regret, and something like remorse upon her face.

Laurence Gifford was no mean whiner against destiny—which, indeed, in his case, as in that of most of us, meant his own folly and mistake; and he resolved to make the best of his life—and of his wife. At first he strove hard to love her; but after a while he gave that up as hopeless. There was nothing to love; and Caroline would not have cared to be troubled with love. She was married to a steadfast, good man, and she did not want any thing else. She did not even want her husband's society. She was glad to have him for her husband; and that was all. Indeed, his efforts, in their first months of marriage, to get her to take an interest in literature, or art, or nature, or any of the things he loved, were terrible bores to her. And Laurence soon saw this, and mercifully spared her. He was always kind and affectionate to her, and he resolutely endeavoured to keep his eyes fixed on her good qualities—a difficult task, for although poor Caroline had assuredly no bad qualities whatever, yet she possessed no attributes sufficiently marked to be classed as good qualities by any one but the most indulgent and partial observer.

So life went on for Laurence Gifford—quiet, cheerless, hopeless. His wife brought him no children; but the fact in nowise disturbed her. She was placidly contented, while Laurence strove to bear manfully the fate he had brought upon himself.

J. M'CARTHY.

THE UNITARIAN POLITICIAN, MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

THERE are few men who have been so long known to the public, or whose virtues have so much entitled them to regard, as this distinguished individual. He was born in 1740, the third son of William Cartwright, of Maresham, in the county of Nottingham. A gentleman by education, as well as by his mild and liberal habits, and his manly and independent sentiments, he occupied a considerable share of public attention during the space of more than half a century. Endowed with a vigorous understanding, matured by reflection, his mind was richly stored with various knowledge and information. Being a younger son, he had been originally sent into the navy; but he soon gave up that profession, and showed an early taste for subjects of a political character, which eventually became the leading object of his attention; and though his active and enterprising mind was occasionally directed to other pursuits, yet in the course of his long life he never relaxed in the ardour of his application to this favourite subject. Engaged in such speculations and inquiries, he cultivated politics as a science, and devoted his time and talents to this study as a rational exercise of the understanding, and as the means of being useful in promoting the welfare and happiness of his country. Ever observant of the great events of his time, he cherished a watchful and jealous regard to the rights of the people. With this important object in view, the cause of parliamentary reform opened to him a wide field of discussion, and employed all the powers of his mind. His writings in favour of civil and religious liberty are numerous; and though

they were sometimes perhaps too elaborate to be what is called popular in the common meaning of the word, yet they were generally the result of deep thought, and of close research into the nature and origin of the British Constitution, and the fundamental principles of legislation and government.

During the whole time that he was in the navy Mr. Cartwright possessed the full confidence of his superior officers, while his kindness to all under his command made him an object of affection as well as respect. Many of his younger brother officers who afterwards rose to rank and distinction acknowledged with gratitude their obligations to him for the attention he paid to their improvement in the knowledge of their profession, and for the almost fatherly care he took of their character.

The cause of his quitting the sea-life which he loved so much was his dislike to fight against the American colonies, which were then in arms for their liberty. He published a work entitled "Letters on American Independence," and his views of the American Revolution may be summed up in his declaration, "The liberty of man is not derived from charters, but from God, and is original in every man."

He settled in England, and in 1775 was made a major in the Nottinghamshire militia. He devoted his political efforts to obtain annual Parliaments and universal suffrage; and his name is inseparably linked with the early history of the question of parliamentary reform. Lord Byron once described him in a speech in the House of Lords as being "a man whose long life had been spent in an unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject."

He had the satisfaction of living to see his brother, Dr. Edmund Cartwright, invent the power loom, and to find that machine contribute so largely to the manufacturing wealth of the country that Parliament presented Dr. Edmund with £10,000.

The city of Birmingham, though then the third in size in the kingdom, had no representative in Parliament, and this was but one instance of the many political inequalities which he was in a great measure the means of setting right. He was one of the earliest to denounce the piratical character of the slave trade. Sir William Jones declared that his declaration of the people's rights should be written in letters of gold.

The following anecdote is related of him by Mr. Godfrey Higgins, in a letter addressed to the House of Commons:—"I cannot refrain from doing an act of justice to Major Cartwright. Some years ago he was bound in many thousand pounds for a friend who was unfortunate in trade. My father being interested in a considerable part of it, I was sent to London to inquire about it. I called on the Major, and, upon telling him the object of my visit, he said, looking steadfastly at me, 'Sir, I am instructed by my lawyer that the transaction between my friend and the banker, for whom you want the money, was usurious, and that I am not bound by law to pay a single farthing of it.' I dare say I looked rather uncomfortable, because I had been instructed to the same effect; but after a moment's pause, he added, 'I was honestly bound for my friend, and I shall honestly pay the money. I only ask time, to sell part of my estate to raise it, till when, I will pay you 5 per cent.' The estate was sold, and the money paid before the year's end."

Throughout his long life of nearly eighty-four years he continued to take an active interest in human progress, and constantly came forward to its aid, both as a speaker and a writer. He died in 1824, at his house in Burton-crescent, St. Pancras, where a statue has since been raised to him.

General Michelena, the Mexican Minister, having about two days before his death sent a kind message to inform him that the liberty of Mexico might be considered as established, he exclaimed with fervour, "I am glad, I am very glad." These were almost the last words he ever spoke. His voice soon after became nearly inaudible, but he was perfectly sensible to the last, and appeared absorbed in mental prayer.

One who knew him well says:—"I cannot, by any stretch of imagination, conceive any Greek or Roman virtue surpassing the public and private worth of a man whose whole life was a life of principle—a bright display of the love of general liberty, and of individual benevolence. I never knew a man who had such an extensive aim. The happiness of

the human race was his object, and he would have been at any time proud to have sacrificed his life in this sacred cause. The same disinterested feelings animated him to the last as those which led him to the sacrifice of all personal and private advantage during his honourable life. No man had more opportunities or qualifications for advancing himself in the world — none in the race of excellence were more likely to obtain the goal. He possessed every requisite for any line of distinction, a powerful understanding, a firmness of purpose, which would flinch from no dangers; and these were united to a mildness, an amiability, a gentleness which won over every heart. His character was purely English. No tinsel, no glitter; all was solid and sterling worth, the very nature of his mind led him to a manly, upright, straightforward course.

In his religious opinions he adhered to no particular sect or party. He read the Scriptures daily, and drew from them his own conclusions. What those conclusions were may be seen from the following extracts from a paper which he drew up. Speaking of himself in the third person he says:—"The legal doctrines of the State Church not satisfying his judgment, he sought for truth in the Bible, and in reason, equally the revelations of the Almighty." The opinions in which he at length found rest were these:—"That God is; I am the eternal, the self-existent, not powerful, but power; not wise, but wisdom; not good, but goodness; that He is One, a spirit without person, for in the idea of person who can exclude either form or limit? But what is the form of ubiquity —where are the limits of infinity? From the eternity and existence of the Deity his unity cannot be even in idea separated. That Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the chosen one, the highly favoured of God, the Saviour of men, and their appointed judge. That the proper good and happiness of man is only to be found in piety to God and virtue towards his fellow creatures. Considering the diversities of opinion among the most pious, it would be very presumptuous in one so unlearned as I am to say there are no difficulties in the Scriptures, but it would be weak and rash to adopt without hesitation that solution attempted, but not in my opinion accomplished, by the authors of the Articles of the English Church. But when we lay aside these nothings called articles, and resort to the Scriptures themselves, these apparent difficulties by degrees disappear, and the scheme of Divine Providence appears very consistent with those attributes which belong to God as an Eternal Being." He was one whose enlightened mind and profound constitutional knowledge placed him in the highest rank of public character, and whose purity of principle and consistency of conduct through life commanded the most respectful attention to his opinions.

Charles Fox, the great statesman, said of him in a speech in Parliament, that "few men united so complete a knowledge of the people's constitutional rights with such intelligence and such conscientious views."

HAWTHORNE'S LOVE OF THE BIBLE.

By James T. Fields.

Hawthorne was a diligent reader of the Bible, and when sometimes, in my ignorant way, I would question, in a proof-sheet, his use of a word, he would always refer me to the Bible as his authority. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about the Book of Job, and his voice would be tremulous with feeling as he sometimes quoted a touching passage from the New Testament. In one of his letters he says to me:

"Did not I suggest to you, last summer, the publication of the Bible in ten or twelve 12mo volumes? I think it would have great success, and at least (but, as a publisher, I suppose this is the very smallest of your cares) it would result in the salvation of a great many souls, who will never find their way to heaven if left to learn it from the inconvenient editions of the Scriptures now in use. It is very singular that this form of publishing the Bible in a single bulky or closely printed volume should be so long continued. It was first adopted, I suppose, as being the universal mode of publication at the time when the Bible was translated. Shakespeare, and the other old dramatists and poets, were first published in the same form; but all of them have long since been broken into dozens and scores of portable and readable volumes; and why not the Bible?"

WILLIAM HOWITT, ON UNIVERSALISM.

My Dear Sir,—I have just glanced over the letters in the *Dunfermline Saturday Press* in opposition to Universalism. The arguments are just of the old sort which have been answered a hundred times. It is amazing to see people calling themselves "learned" and "classical scholars," and making the absurd blunders they do. They think it quite a settler to quote "and these shall go away into everlasting punishment," when the Greek word does not mean everlasting at all, but merely for a period or periods. But I won't, as you wish me, enter personally into such a controversy. I will simply write you down a few of my ideas on the subject, which you can hand to your editor, if they be not nuts too hard to crack. You, in fact, need no help on this topic. Your letter, written in the plain sound sense of a clear-headed working man, is infinitely superior to the monkish trash advanced on the other side. But the simple fact is, that there are vast numbers of people who are so anxious to have their neighbours burned alive for ever and ever that nothing will drive this ferocious idea out of their stupid, selfish heads. Do they know what burning to all eternity means? Would these precious fellows like the idea of being stuck into a blast furnace for a single five minutes? But for ever and ever! whilst they, the saintly dogs, are dwelling in Paradise! None but savages of the most stolid and debased kind could entertain so monstrous an idea for a moment had they not been educated into it by priestcraft. And to make God such a monster! the blasphemers. Why, these very fellows would mob a magistrate who should attempt to burn a human being only for five minutes. Nothing but the diabolical power of priestcraft could possibly produce so hideous a perversion of all ideas of justice or humanity. A God of love, or of justice, to perpetrate so horrible a crime against his own children. No! if any spiritual Power can do such a thing, it is the devil, and no mistake; and not an ordinary devil, but the devil of devils. These very damnation-mongers talk of Moloch as a frightful monster. But Moloch only popped children through the flames. This demon, whom divines, forsooth! have exalted into the throne of the God of love and mercy, out-Molochs Moloch, and keeps sensitive rational creatures of his own creation in fire and brimstone for ever and ever! The cursed doctrine is the spawn of the direst depths of hell. John Mill somewhere says: "If I am to be damned because I can not admit such a being to be a God of love and mercy, damned I will be." Amen!

It is high time to abandon these horrible ideas of the great and glorious Father of all mankind; of the sublime Father "who is no respecter of persons;" and to open our minds to the simple fact that "in His house there are many mansions; and that in these infinite mansions he will find time, and room, and means enough to discipline, purge, and reform all His erring children—without resorting to measures which would not simply dishonour every attribute of God, but would disgrace the most brutish mortal if practised against the lowest reptile—the veriest worm that lives. What! in this nineteenth century shall we have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and shall we have a set of so-called ministers of Christ who advocate eternal tortures to nine-tenths of the human race? To what depths of insane degradation can a false theology drag down the human intellect!

But what, they will say, about the assertions of the Saviour of a state of everlasting punishment, and of the smoke of their torment ascending for ever and ever? As I have already stated, the words they use in the original text mean nothing of the kind. They express only a period of periods. They are no more everlasting in their meaning than that the succession of David was everlasting on the throne of Judah, or that God had chosen Jerusalem for his place for ever. David's line as mere Kings of Judah is broken for ever; Jerusalem itself has been abandoned to the heathen for ages. But the Gospel on these heads is true, if properly understood. There is an everlasting, or age-lasting state of punishment for the wicked. The state is permanent, but no souls remain in it beyond a period sufficient to work their reform. This world is a permanent state of trial, but nobody remains here beyond his appointed time. The next state of punishment is real and permanent, but no souls remain there beyond their appointed time.

On the other hand, how clear, how luminous, how unmistakeable, are the assurances of the all-embracing charter of the Gospel. It is especially a gospel of salvation, and not of damnation. Christ declared that he came to seek and to save that which was lost. St. Paul declares "that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Can any words, any promises, be more absolutely positive? If these damnation-mongers, who hold a creed fit only for cannibals and inquisitors, had any love of their neighbours in them, they would cling as firmly to these words of infinite love and infinite justice as they do to those which they think will send themselves to bliss, and the bulk of their fellow creatures to eternal perdition. Christ on earth reproved his disciples for wanting to call down fire from heaven on their fellow men, and told them they did not know what spirit they were of. And does not Christ still condemn such fire-mongers—such preachers of fire and brimstone, who still, not knowing what spirit they are of, are every day crying to him for fire on our unfortunate heads?

In God and his Christ there is no change nor any shadow of turning. The doctrine of the restoration of all things which Christ preached on earth he is still preaching in heaven, or his character of the Godhead and of Christ in the Godhead is not true. The kingdom of Christ is one undivided kingdom, whether on earth or in the spirit world. His scheme is one great unchanging scheme of universal salvation. In the execution of this glorious scheme we are told that he will never cease until he has put down death and Hell, and delivered the restored kingdom, no atom defective, no soul lost, to the great All-Father, "whose mercy endureth for ever."—Yours very truly, *An Abominator of the Gospel of Damnation.*

FAMILY PEACE.—It is recorded that an Emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was, by chance, entertained in a house in which the master, with his wife, children, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, and servants all lived together in perfect peace and harmony. The Emperor, struck with admiration at the spectacle, requested the head of the family to inform him what means he used to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons, The old man, taking out his pencil, wrote these three words: Patience—Patience—Patience.

LOOK AT THE PREACHER!

1. BECAUSE nature and common sense suggest this. You instinctively look at a man approaching you, especially if he addresses you, and if, moreover, he has a claim, by a fair character, upon your attention.

2. Politeness calls for this. It is rudeness in one to turn away from you while you are speaking to him. A respectable recognition, by the eye, is a fair claim of the preacher.

3. Such attention would be desired by you, and be grateful to you, were you the speaker. Do what you would have done to yourself.

4. You cheer and comfort the speaker by giving him your eye. Your gaze in any and all other directions but towards him can but disconcert and pain him—especially if numbers are your imitators. He feels better, and can therefore speak better, for the gratification your fixed attention gives him.

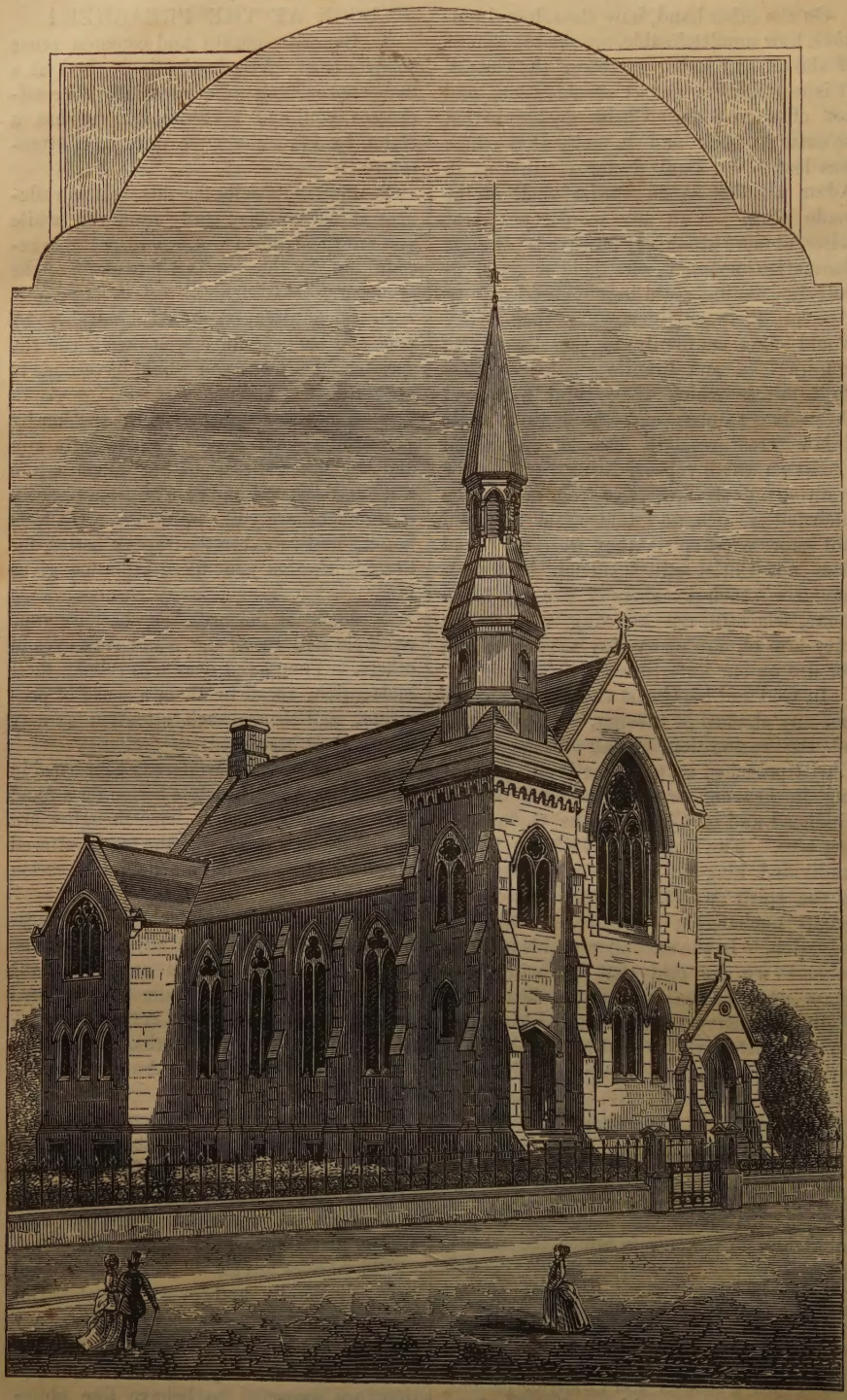
5. Look at the preacher, because your example will recall the wandering eyes of others. Your fixed eyes will rebuke their inattention, recall in them a sense of propriety, and secure such attention as may insure their best good.

6. Your personal welfare is concerned in this matter. You hear the better for a fixed gaze on the preacher. The thoughts are less likely to wander, and the truths uttered are more likely to make a deep impression on the mind.

7. Both the preacher's office and message make this claim. If any neighbour or friend, addressing you on any important worldly business, has a claim upon the eye and ear, surely he has who is God's ambassador, and calls your attention to the most momentous of all things, those respecting God and eternity.

8. The lame man in the temple received a precious blessing, as he obeyed Peter's call, "Look on us;" and precious blessings may be waiting upon that fixedness of the eye which we commend, when we say, "Look at the preacher."—*Advance.*

[The above advice we trust will be read in every family and every school. But first let the children be placed where they can see the preacher. How often they are seated where they cannot see, and yet they are expected to behave like philosophers.]



PADIHAM UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

NEW UNITARIAN CHAPEL, PADIHAM, LANCASHIRE.

About the year 1806 the Rev. Joseph Cooke was expelled from the Methodist connection for preaching what the Conference denounced as erroneous views concerning the doctrines of "Justification by Faith" and the "Witness of the Spirit." This led to a secession in Rosendale and the neighbouring districts. Among the seceders were a number of earnest and devout men and women in Padiham, who took a room in a back street, formed themselves into a congregation, and commenced a Sunday-school.

At first they were called Cookites, and afterwards Unitarian Methodists. Their first preachers were Messrs. James Pollard and John Robinson, who were occasionally assisted in their labours by Messrs. John Ashworth, of Newchurch; James Taylor, and James Wilkinson, of Rochdale. The late Rev. George Harris, then of Bolton, visited them on several occasions, and rendered them valuable services. In conjunction with several others, he commenced negotiations for the purchase of a piece of land, which was obtained, and the present chapel built in the year 1822. In the following year it was opened for religious worship by the Rev. John Grundy, of Manchester, and the Rev. George Cree, of Preston. In 1836 a gallery was added, and the chapel reopened by the Rev. Dr. Beard. For twelve years after this the congregation was kept together by Messrs. Pollard and Robinson, who worked with their hands six days of the week, and preached the Gospel on the seventh.

Both these excellent men having died, they were succeeded by Mr. Henry Dean, a young man who had been brought up under their care. After his death, which took place in 1855, the pulpit was supplied by the students of the "Manchester Unitarian Home Missionary Board," with an occasional service from lay preachers in the neighbourhood.

In the year 1859 the congregation (at that time only able to raise about £50 a year), with the kind assistance of outside friends, engaged as missionary minister the the Rev. A. Rushton, now of Hindley. Mr. Rushton left Padiham in 1863, but under his pastoral care the congregation steadily increased in strength and numbers, and has ever since been able to do without external aid. The Rev. E. Allen, now of Lydgate, laboured here from 1864 to 1867, and the Rev. R. H. Cotton, the present minister, settled in May, 1869.

The result of this long course of persevering effort is that Unitarianism is now a power in the town, so that whereas in many districts those who go to no place of worship call themselves Churchmen, here they call themselves Unitarians.

The present congregation (composed of working people), in addition to the Sunday and week-day services, maintains a Sunday-school numbering 327 scholars and 48 teachers, and this in one room, which has to serve for chapel, Sunday-school, library, minister's vestry—in short, for everything.

The intended new chapel will be built on an excellent site fronting the main street, and will be seen to considerable advantage. It is calculated for 577 sittings, but will hold above 600. The cost is estimated at £3000. We beg to add, there has never been before the Unitarian public an appeal more worthy of the support of our people than this of our friends at Padiham. The Rev. R. H. Cotton, of Padiham, will be glad to receive the help of our readers.

GOD IS ONE.

"The Lord shall be one and His name one in all the earth."

God is one—in ancient story
Thus the holy prophet told,
And through truth in all its glory
Have the ages past unrolled.

Nature has upheld the teaching
Of one vast creative will;
Revelation in its preaching
Holds supreme this doctrine still.

Ask our Churchmen—they will tell you
That their creed is "God is One."
Papists—though they oft repel you,
Still acknowledge God as one.

But we preach—the undivided,
High, Supreme, All-seeing Lord,
He in whom the Son confided,
All obedient as *His word*.

Never yet unto another *
Has His highest glory given;
Christ He gave us as our Brother,
Not the God of earth and heaven.

One Creator, One Jehovah!
One all wise controlling power!
Send Thy spirit, Oh, our Father,
Thus to show Thee from this hour.

Rachel Evans.

* "He will not give His glory to another."

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

By H. W. Bellows, D.D.

If the proper deity of Jesus Christ were the real doctrine of the New Testament, it is not too much to say that it would, in the long run, destroy the claims to credibility of the revelation ascribed to him. No miracles could establish the authority of a prophet claiming so preposterous a position. That a being in human shape, exercising all human functions, limited in place and form, eating, drinking, suffering, "tempted in all points like as we are," weeping, dying, should actually be the original and proper Creator, maker, builder, and sustainer of the universe, the Spirit of our spirits, the Eternal, invisible and immortal God—is a thing so incredible in itself, so self-contradictory, so opposed to reason, experience, science, philosophy, common sense, that no amount of evidence for it could make it permanently accepted and believed. If Christianity really carried such a doctrine on its back it would sooner or later break down under the burden. That the Church, which invented it, has imposed it upon Christianity, has been one of the chief causes why the higher intelligence of all ages—unable to distinguish between primitive or real Christianity and its ecclesiastical substitutes—has rejected the Gospel and denied the truth of all revelation.

Let it not be said that miracles, however real, by establishing the divine authority of a prophet, make anything he might pronounce true, credible, and indisputable. Miracles of the most real kind, even though they raised the dead, could not annul a single ordinance of reason or conscience. They presuppose the fundamental authority of the rational and moral nature on which the being and character of God himself rest. Miracles have no authority to establish God's existence and character. We must know Him and believe in Him, on other grounds, before we can receive any messenger as coming from Him, however attested. An ambassador does not offer his credentials in proof of the existence or character of the king who sends him; but only in evidence that he comes from a king who, on other and independent grounds, is known to exist and reign. Should an ambassador claim, on the strength of his credentials, to be the actual monarch he represented, any Government to whom he came would pronounce him insane, and no genuineness of the credentials could establish his pretensions. It might be wholly unable to detect the counterfeit in the seal, or to account for the possession of such credentials by such a pretender, but it would necessarily pronounce his claim a fraud or a delusion, and either his master, or himself, or both, to be smitten with madness.

Should the Christian religion, founded on genuine miracles, or miracles whose want of genuineness we could not prove, attempt to force upon the human race any precept opposed to natural morality, mathematical axioms, or universal experience, we should be compelled to say we cannot detect the cause of this miracle, or explain its origin, or deny its supernatural aspect; but we must conclude that evil spirits and lying spirits can work miracles as well as good spirits and truthful spirits. It cannot be God himself, who made our reason and conscience, that worked a miracle which denies or contradicts their well-established and incontrovertible teachings. It is easier to believe that miracles are no proof of God's presence and will, than that two and two are not four; that falsehood is truth, or better than truth; that lying is pardonable if in the alleged interest of religion; or adultery recommended or permitted to patriarchs and saints; or injustice allowed, or reason superseded and contradicted. No miracles could establish the truth of Christ's proper deity. For we know God to be an infinite, invisible, impassible, and uncreated Being, on grounds clearer and more indisputable than those on which any revelation by word of mouth can rest. Natural religion is, by the nature of the human mind and of things, the indispensable basis of revealed religion. Revealed religion cannot abrogate any plain truth of natural religion without destroying its own basis and ruining its own claims. For a reliable knowledge of the Revealer must exist by nature to make any revelation from Him authentic or authoritative, nor can anything revealed deny the reliableness of the previous knowledge of the Revealer without impugning its own credibility. Revealed religion may increase, or clarify, or strengthen, or make definite, or render interesting and effective natural religion, but it cannot contradict, annul, or disagree with its fundamental teachings or truths.

That God is a Spirit, without parts or passions—indivisible, invisible, incapable of being tempted, without limitations, infirmities, or individuality—a Person, not an Individual—Infinite, Eternal, Immortal—all Holy, all Wise, all True—is the teaching of nature and the soul, and lies at the base of all religion. We are surer of this than we are of anything historical or received on human testimony; surer than we can be that any miracles were ever wrought. Nothing that revelation could teach is as fundamental; nothing it can add of such vital and permanent importance.

Does Christianity deny this? If it did we should deny it. But it does not. It reaffirms it with beautiful clearness. Jesus Christ set aside many alleged declarations of the Jewish faith, because, and only because, they contradicted the truths of natural religion. The Sermon on the Mount is a reaffirmation as against the corrupt inferences of the Scribes and Pharisees from their law of the essential principles of natural morality and natural religion. He himself claimed to be a direct messenger from the God whom no man had seen or could see, the God of Nature, the Creator, the Spirit of our spirits. He offered his own temper and character as a reflex or miniature of his Father's. He came in God's name and on God's authority, not to destroy, but to fulfil the law—the true moral law—the only eternal thing in the Jewish law. It was to make God's character, as a holy, just, and fatherly Being, more plain and affecting, to win the human heart back to its moral Source and Inspirer, to make virtue more lovely, and justice more sacred, and charity more tender, and faith more vital, that he spake, and lived, and died and rose again. He was indeed divinely inspired, raised up for his office, exalted above all other sons of God; he spake as man never spake, he lived and died as man never lived and died before. He was human in his nature, and divine in his knowledge, and character, and authority; an ambassador from God, sealed with miracle; the authenticated founder of a revealed religion destined to become universal. His words, and precepts, and promises have a sacred authority. And there is (and there can be on the principles we have laid down) no contradiction between his revelation and the truths of natural religion. If there were Christianity would perish. Christ *adds*, but chiefly in the way of clearing up and making more definite and attractive, to what was known of God; but he denies nothing and abrogates nothing known before him on grounds of reason and conscience.

Now, has not the historical Church, a purely human institution (we do not speak of the invisible Church), added a great deal to Christ's claims and teachings? The Roman Church, from whom we have received so large a portion of our theology, cunningly lays the ground of its necessity and infallibility in the undeveloped character of Christianity in the Scriptures. It attempts to prove its own authority by showing that the Trinity, for instance, indisputable as it is, is a doctrine, not of the New Testament, but of the Church! We acknowledge the fact, and pronounce the Church entitled to no authority when it goes beyond Christ's words and the New Testament. The Trinity, established to give a sort of metaphysical hiding-place for the incredible dogma of Christ's deity, is, as everybody knows, not mentioned by name in the New Testament. It is at best an inference. And it is an incredible, irrational, and absurd inference. The only plausible ground for asserting Christ's deity is that the sense of God's unequalled, unshared, and indivisible supremacy in Christ's mind allowed him to use language pictorial and free, associating him in his own will and disposition with God in a way which it must have seemed to him impossible for those who heard him not to qualify and interpret by the universal acknowledgment of God's unapproachable aloneness, but which literalists and unimaginative interpreters have made affirmations of a proper oneness of nature and person. If the son of an absent father who wished to make his parent known to distant relatives should say, "I am the image of my father; he who has seen me has seen my father; my father and I are one"—who would or could misunderstand it as any claim to identity of person? Much more, if an ambassador should say, "My words, my works, my authority are not my own, but my king's; the king and I are one," would any one be foolish enough to suppose that he claimed to reign in the country he came from? It is only by an equal folly that Christ's words have been interpreted in earlier and more credulous ages, when mystical and super-angelic systems of faith were popular,

into a claim on his part to be a sharer of God's throne, a person in the Godhead, one with God in the sense of coequal in origin, wisdom, power, and right to supreme adoration!

We return to our first statement: The deity of Christ is incredible. The New Testament does not assert it, and if it did it would disprove its own credibility.

It is, then, the first duty of earnest believers in the divine authority of Christ and his religion to take this millstone from about the neck of the religion they wish to make credible and acceptable to all hearts and minds.

THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

No. III.

On the following Sunday Walter stopped to converse with one of his school-fellows in coming out of chapel. Then he followed his mother quickly, and said, "See what has been lent me, mamma. It is a Church Prayer Book, and I have seen that belief which you told me the Trinitarians use. I will read it to you, mamma."

"You need not do that, my dear son. I have already heard it sufficiently to make me value our own simple faith the more."

"Yes, but it is so new to me and so strange. I should like to read part of it aloud, it is so droll."

"But Walter, you must not regard it in that light. I think it a melancholy instance of the mistakes made when men pervert or misuse the reasoning powers given them by the Almighty."

"The Father is incomprehensible, the Son is incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost is incomprehensible" (muttered Walter) and yet there are not three incomprehensibles but one incomprehensible," and so he went on to the end of the Creed.

"Well, Walter," said his mother, "shut the book, now you have gratified your curiosity, and listen to me for awhile."

"Who wrote this belief, mamma?"

"It is said to have been written by Athanasius, who lived 326 years after the birth of our Saviour; but that has been denied by Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, in his book called 'The Eastern Church.' Our own writers on theology also say the author was not Athanasius. Whoever invented this creed was a bold man, reminding me of a steersman, lost in a fog, who guides the vessel under his care straight upon the rocks and shoals of controversy."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"I mean that this belief has raised more contention among theologians, and has overwhelmed the reason of more persons by its contradictory statements, than I should imagine any other in the world."

"But do all the Church people believe it?"

"No, they do not, and I must wonder at its being retained in their prayer book."

"What did our Saviour and the Apostles believe, mamma?"

"When our Saviour was asked: 'Which is the first commandment of all?' Jesus answered: The first of all the commandments is, 'Hear O Israel: The Lord thy God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.' We are safe in abiding by our Saviour's words, my son."

"Oh how glad I am he said all that, mother, because we are bound to believe him."

"Again. 'A certain ruler asked him, saying, good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, that is, God. Thou knowest the commandments: Do not commit adultery, do not kill, do not steal, do not bear false witness, honour thy father and mother. And he said unto him, yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor, and thou shall have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.' You see that a 'saving faith,' or an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, is not gained by believing that three gods will make one, but by strictly performing our duty in this life, as the Lord has commanded."

"What did the apostles think of Christ?"

"'When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, some say that

thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ (or the anointed, as being over the hearts of men), the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said, Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven.' You remember the divine prayer which our Saviour taught his apostles, when they said, 'Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray say, Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heaven, so on earth. Give us day by day our daily bread, and forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one who is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.' Our Saviour did not pray to himself in this instance?"

"Oh no, mother, that would be impossible."

"His custom was at all times to pray to his Heavenly Father. You know our Lord's sublime prayer in the 17th chapter of John: "When lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son that thy Son may glorify thee. As thou hast given him power over all flesh that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him, and this is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are—neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou has sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one. O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me."

"Walter, let us pray that we also may be permitted to enter, by the spirit of Christ, into this divine unity."

R. E.

HABITS IN CHURCH.

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

I SHOULD say that there are a great many reasonably good boys and girls, reasonably thoughtful, also, who find the confinement of a few oppressive, merely because they do not know the best way to get the advantage of a service which is really a profit to children as it is to grown people—and which never has its full value as it does when children and grown people join together in it.

Now, to any young people who are reading this paper, and are thinking about their own habits in church, I should say very much what I should about swimming, or drawing, or gardening; that, if the thing to be done is worth doing at all, you want to do it with your very best power. You want to give yourself up to it, and get the very utmost from it.

You go to church, I will suppose, twice a day on Sunday. Is it not clearly best, then, to carry out to the very best the purpose with which you are there? You are there to worship God. Steadily and simply determine that you will worship Him, and you will not let such trifles distract you as often do distract people from this purpose. What if the door does creak? What if a dog does bark near by? What if the horses outside do neigh or stamp? You do not mean to confess that you, a child of God, are going to submit to dogs, or horses, or creaking doors? If you will give yourself to the service with heart and soul—with all your might, as a boy does to his batting, or his catching at base ball; if, when the congregation is at prayer, you determine that you will not be hindered in your prayers; or, when the time comes for singing, that you will not be hindered from joining in singing, with voice or with heart—why, you can do so. I never heard of a good fielder in base ball missing a fly because a dog barked, or a horse neighed, on the outside of a ball-ground.

If I kept a high school, I would call together the school once a month, to train all hands in the habits requisite for listeners in public assemblies. They should be taught that just as rowers in a boat-race row and do nothing else—as soldiers, at dress parade, present arms, shoulder arms, and the rest, and do nothing else, no matter what happens, during that half-

hour—that so, when people meet to listen to an address or concert, they should listen and do nothing else. It is perfectly easy for people to get control, and keep control, of this habit of attention. If I had the exercise I speak of, in a high school, the scholars should be brought together, as I say and carried through a series of discipline in presence of mind. Books resembling hymn books in weight and size should be dropped from galleries behind them, till they were perfectly firm, under such scattering fire, and did not look round; squeaking dolls, of the size of large children, should be led squeaking down the passages of the school-room, and other strange objects should be introduced until the scholars were all proof, and did not turn towards them once. Every one of those scholars would thank me afterwards.

Of course I need not say that in church you must be reverent in manner, must not disturb others, and must not occupy yourself intentionally with other people's dress or demeanour. If you really meant or wanted to do these things you would not be reading this paper.

But it may be worth while to say that even children may remember to advantage that they form a very important part of the congregation. If, therefore, the custom of worship where you are arranges for responses to be read by the people, you, who are among the people, are to respond. If it provides for congregational singing, and you can sing the tune, you are to sing. It is certain that it requires the people all to be in their places when the service begins. That you can do as well as the oldest of them. When the service is ended do not hurry away. Do not enter into a wild and useless competition with the other boys, as to which shall leap off the front steps the soonest upon the grass of the churchyard. You can arrange much better races elsewhere. When the benediction is over wait a minute in your seat; do not look for your hat and gloves till it is over, and then quietly, and without jostling, leave the church, as you might pass from one room of your father's house into another, when a large number of his friends were at a great party. That is precisely the condition of things in which you are all together.

Observe, dear children, I am speaking only of habits of outside behaviour at church. I intentionally turn aside from speaking of the communion with God, to which the church will help you, and the help from your Saviour, which the church will make real. These are very great blessings, as I hope you will all come to know. Do not run the risk of losing them by neglecting the little habits of concentrated thought, and of devout and simple behaviour, which may make the hour in church one of the shortest and happiest hours of the week.—*E. E. Hale.*

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE UNITARIAN DR. FRANKLIN TO THE REV. GEO. WHITFIELD, THE PREACHER, AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE METHODISTS.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6TH, 1753.

SIR,—I received your kind letter of the 2nd instant, and am glad to hear that you increase in strength; I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you.* But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow-men, and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God by a readiness to help His other children, and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see by this my notion of good works that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we under-

* Dr. Franklin had relieved Mr. Whitfield in a paralytic case by the application of electricity.

stand a state of happiness infinite in degree and eternal in duration; I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit: how much more such happiness of heaven? For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it, but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose Fatherly goodness I may well confide, that He will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has certainly its use in this world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works —works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit—not holiday-keeping, sermon-reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty. The hearing and reading of sermons may be useful, but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your Great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word to the mere *hearers*. The son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work, the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite, and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick—though they never heard of His name—He declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry "Lord! Lord!" who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good that they need not hear even him for improvement. But now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness, being your friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone,
Strange the summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory,
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents.
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find the sweetest comfort
In the bleessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from out our way.

LIVING AGE.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

DANGER OF SOCINIANISM.—A person being described as "not very orthodox," "Oh," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "accuse a man of being a Socinian, and it is all over with him; for the country gentlemen all think it has something to do with poaching."

HEATHEN.—Heathen is a familiar word, but its meaning becomes instructive, when we know that as the people of old who lived on heaths, or in wild districts, were the last to be Christianised, the name which describes them is now applied to all who are not Christians.

ADAM'S SIN.—The *New York Independent* sturdily refuses to repent of the sins of Adam or any other forefather, and tells Dr. Shedd, who insists upon such penitence, that, "if for the lack of this repentance, God will send us to hell, to hell we will go."

RELIGIOUS ATTRACTIONS. — In the *Daily Telegraph* certain villas at Teddington are thus advertised: "Every shade of religious opinion provided for in the neighbourhood, from the highest form of æsthetic ceremonial to the simplest phase of religious sentiment."

LONG-FACED.—A worldling was once visited in his illness by a well-meaning but dolorous clergyman, who disfigured his countenance, and wore a face of perpetual mourning. As his sad visage appeared in the doorway the sick man started up and exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if your religion didn't agree with you!"—*Methodist Protestant.*

A GRUMBLER SILENCED.—A married gentleman, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the bad temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, the old gentleman exclaimed, "You are right; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.—*Pilot.*

THREE MILLIONS SENTENCED.—About three centuries ago a sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands *to death* as heretics. "Only a few persons especially named were excepted from this universal doom. A proclamation of the king confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution." Motley says, "Three millions of men, women, and children were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines!"

INDIAN ORTHODOX CONVERTS.—A missionary from the Established Church of Scotland who had lately returned from India, where he had been working for five years with two of his brethren in an endeavour to convert the natives to Christianity, when giving an account of his success said that in that time they had made three converts. But on a second return from India he said that two of them had returned to their old faith, and that he did not know what were the opinions of the third. So it would seem that orthodox Trinitarianism does not make much progress in India

PAST TROUBLES. — "Don't shiver for last year's snow," a saying of Archbishop Whately's, is peculiarly applicable to those who make themselves miserable over troubles that are past.

INFANT DAMNATION.—At the recent settlement of a clergyman over one of the Massachusetts churches, the examiners asked the poor candidate what he thought or believed of infant damnation? His answer was droll and shrewd. He had never, he said, had any children of his own, and naturally had given the subject no consideration, wherefore he had no opinion whatever.

SCOTLAND AGITATED.—The entire Presbyterian Church of Scotland is profoundly agitated over the question of the salvation of the devil. Part of the Presbyterians believe that he can be saved, but the large majority regard this as rank heresy, and denounce the holders of the doctrine as the worst of Atheists. The Scotch preachers in their theological vehemence on this subject seem to consider the salvation of the human race, compared to the salvation of Satan, of very little consequence.

BENEFIT OF A DULL SERMON.—Dean Ramsay relates that the Earl of Lauderdale was alarmingly ill, one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which the medical men declared he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat simple, was seated under the table, and cried out, "'Sen for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for fayther aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought the hint worth attending to, and the experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, for sleep came on and the earl recovered.

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOY.—Dr. Buchsel, the clergyman of a small German village, says:—"A heavy countryman was accustomed to enter the church with regularity, compose himself in a comfortable seat, and go to sleep for the whole of the service. In order to break the countryman of this ill-mannered habit, I gave a lad a penny to sit beside the slumberer, and, by continually twitching at his garments, keep him awake. The plan for the first Sunday answered so admirably that on the next I offered a similar bribe for a like service. The conscientious lad refused the offer, saying that the man had already given him twice the sum to allow him a quiet rest."

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